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## A FLOWER ON A MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

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The charming season of the youthful year  
That wrests our globe from winter's cruel thrall  
And with its gentle breath enlivens all  
Anew: that wonder-worker Spring is near.  
For all?—I stand aside a maiden's bier.  
Ah! she is deaf to Spring's inviting call,  
"Revive!" but, like a withered leaf in fall,  
She dropped,—a budding lily,—blightful, sear.

To live no more?—Despairing, pagan thought!  
It cannot be! Thy loving maiden soul  
Must needs enjoy a life of bliss and love.  
Yea, He who nipped thy life in spring has brought  
Thee unto that sublime, that golden goal,—  
Yon fairer sempiternal spring above.

C. P.

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## GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA.

THE liberal arts have no other immediate object than to please. Real art, a genuine enjoyment, can only be fostered by him whose temporal needs are so far provided for that leisure moments for earnest play are frequently at his disposal. As it demands not only mental energy but also physical exertion it is evident that art and business can never go hand in hand without serious detriment to both. The artist striving to create a beautiful resemblance of reality must have strong and noble incentives that urge work upon him. Music, of all arts the mightiest and most expressive, has also the sublimest incentives. But the mind, in its endeavor to give the noblest an artistic form, can never fully express its yearnings.

The liturgy of the Catholic church is rightly called the greatest work of art. How high, therefore, must genius raise itself to give full expression to this spirit, the spirit and aspiration of all mankind; elevated and penetrated by the breath of God himself. It is a striving after unattainable perfection. But so much the greater is also that master's glory who worked successfully for this noble end, who woke the soul of pure music and gave it permanent existence. This master was Giovanni Pierluigi.

Genius before rising to notoriety seemingly takes great delight to wrap itself in uncertainty. And strange to observe, as was the case with

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Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, Schiller, etc., genius must almost constantly struggle with some adversity. Palestrina, already by his contemporaries called "Musicae Princeps," was born 1526 or 1514, as some writers think, in the small town, Palestrina. Inclinations and extraordinary talent for music showed themselves at an early age, but his parents' means were too limited to give him an education in any way proportionate to the demands of his dormant abilities. This man of only common lineage was to take a determined stand against the flood of his time, he was to stop its course, and lead the straying minds in the right direction. Such a revolution could be effected only by active work, by giving the world beautiful models of church music.

Palestrina's genius was most fruitful; Orlando Lasso, the great Netherlander, is perhaps his only rival. These two form the climax of a long period of musical development. What Raphael is in painting, Palestrina is in the art of music, but the latter overpowers the former as far as music stands above painting. Sketches and colors are but messengers of the superhuman; in them we behold the reflection of the divine and the heavenly. Music, however tears itself off from earthly things and like pure incense rises to higher spheres. Thus the dying note becomes the bearer or interpreter of the eternal.

Palestrina entered the career of real art with his thirtieth year. Before this already he had composed beautiful madrigals, but they met with a severe criticism and were condemned as trivial and offensive compositions. The severity with

which his first attempts were received, exercised a wholesome influence upon young Palestrina, though his spirits were at first dejected. He, however, remained faithful to his genius and the path of art he had entered upon was not abandoned; many even were drawn by him to the same course.

His "Improperia," the first outcome of his new endeavors, gained ready approbation. From Good Friday 1560 up to our time have these wonderfully simple pieces drawn from thousands of hearers of all countries the just tribute of admiration and of unbidden tears.

In 1562 the Church called a council for purifying church music. Gregorian chant had been basely abused. Polyphonic composition was steadily progressing and found its way also into the Church; but instead of becoming a subservient factor in enhancing the solemnity of ceremonies it assumed an independent and offensive attitude. But Gregorian chant, Italian, French, and German songs were employed as motives for frivolous and wanton compositions. The text was broken up and added to so that it seemed as if Bacchus and Venus had inspired the composers.

How sad if only Gregorian chant had been permitted for sacred solemnities. The happy savior, however, who by his genius preserved the liberty of polyphonic music, labored successfully. Since Palestrina's "Improperia" had given sufficient proof of the master's power, pope Pius IV. selected him to revise church music and to compose models worthy for the occasion they were to serve. By the cooperation of an emperor (Ferd-

inand I), a pope (Pius IV), a saint (Charles Borromeo), and a musical genius, music retained a permanent place in the Church. "Domine illumina oculos meos" did Palestrina pray before he began his great work.

At this period Palestrina wrote his much praised "Missa Papae Marcelli." This mass possesses such a dignity, tender devotion, and beautiful expression of thankfulness that those of Haller, Piel, and Witt sound harsh when compared with it. After Palestrina's masses had been examined they were pronounced fit for divine service. But these were not a new mode of composition, nor a special style for church music. It was the bewitching accordance of clear harmony, the mystery of pure beauty, the feeling of a beautiful sacrificing soul that wrought with such irresistible power upon the examiners, that deceived them so far as to exhibit heavenly beauty where only human art was working. How great the jubilee when the "Missa Papae Marcelli" was rendered for the first time. Affected by its beauty the Pope cried out: "These are, indeed, harmonies of a new song which St. John must have heard floating from the heavenly Jerusalem, and whereof another John now gives the echo in the terrestrial Jerusalem."

Through these endeavors Palestrina rose to the first place as composer. Yet, although he manifested a greatness and dignity in his creations that must elicit the admiration of all ages, his influence was less powerful than could reasonably be expected. Venice, the second musical city of Italy, swayed Germany; and Venice was opposed to Pa-

lestrina. England was naturally unwilling to follow Rome. Thus it is that Palestrina's labor extended no farther than the walls of Rome and Palestrina's style is known only as Rome's style.

Palestrina is not a self-made master, nor do his creations bear Italian traits only. Had he not made Netherlandish art his palestra he would not have become that unrivaled master. From the Netherlands he learned complete control of composing, power, and versatility, which, combined with Italian beauty, resulted into great models of art. Even his best productions bear strong shades of Josquins and Brumel. These antique traits add a peculiar charm to Palestrina's music, in which we can clearly trace his analogy with Raphael who is most beautiful where the glow of antiquity softened by his fine taste blends with the present. Palestrina follows, indeed, the fixed rules, but in the triumph of complete control of form, his compositions grow freely and unhampered by any restriction.

Palestrina showed his greatness for the first time in his "Improperia." They are his simplest but most beautiful creation. A holy affliction and holy love speak most effectively in those few chords with their wonderful close. To these his "Motets" are closely related. Here we find all modes of contrapuntal art and the most complicated combinations of all manners of composing. They are penetrated by the fire of his genius and like a gush of heavenly harmony they strike our ear. In hearing these motets we feel that it is the master's soul that pleads and cries so fervently. How admir-

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ble is the construction of these pieces. Like in a procession single voices follow each other till, reaching the culminating point, they unite in full chords and slowly they lose themselves in a doleful close.

His hymns and lamentations bear the same wealth and splendor as his masses. The successive harmony strikes with magic power upon our ear. Other masters use, indeed, the same chords but never with such effect as Palestrina, who seemingly adds vitality to his notes. Single voices shine distinctly, like beautifully colored rays of light, and yet his voices are less varying and more quiet than those in modern compositions. Expressions of almost passionate piety are found in his "O Crux, Ave Spes Unica." Compared with these creations, the works of others seem merely beautiful sketches aside the finished paintings of Palestrina.

One could almost assert that music not only sounds but also speaks. Music speaks, indeed, it reigns where words cannot ascend. In Palestrina's "Hosannas" we seem to hear the exulting choirs of Heaven. Sometimes he carries us in jubilant procession to the portals of Heaven, when all on a sudden slow and grave tones strike our ear, as if he intended to abandon us to our own meditation and to listen to the heavenly tones then sounding in our soul. The feeling of joy, longing, and thankfulness, found in Raphael's paintings, are loudly expressed in the compositions of Palestrina.

This great master died after a long career on the second of February, 1594, having shortly before

expressed his wish to celebrate this feast in Heaven. The great Queen, whose praises he had sounded so often and so wonderfully, did not decline this petition. St. Philip Neri was his consoler who never left him during the illness. When Palestrina's body was laid to rest the choir chanted his own "Libera." Orlando Lasso, Palestrina's great rival and a genius who never found his equal in creativeness, died the same year.

We must follow Palestrina in his art with love, interest, and respect, for he is the master. Then shall we discover those precious jewels that like eternal stars flicker in the recesses of our soul. Some think to know Raphael when they have seen one of his paintings, or to understand Shakespeare, having read Hamlet, or to fathom Palestrina having listened to his "Missa Papae Marcelli." Few masters are known so little as Palestrina. It is wrong to reject him for some small defects, and it is impossible to point out the beauties that follow each other as in a crowded procession.

As with all ideals so with Palestrina's compositions, it is easy to perceive and feel the presence of beauty, difficult, however, to express in words the cause of this magic power. It is an inexplicable mystery that wills itself to be felt through its own function only. Palestrina is passionate without a stain of worldly motives. By pure emotion he raises us into regions of bliss, whence those sounds, messengers of yonder better world, re-echo with greater force. Like a quiet, constant stream, to some extent confident of its perfection, his music flows from the heart and as it breathes the bliss of

profound adoration it speaks again to hearts.

After Palestrina church music fell again and abuses of a different nature crept in. Profane music freely entered the sanctuary of God. Joseph Haydn could not but write cheerfully. Mozart was forcibly bound to the opera and concert. Beethoven, Prince of musicians, standing aloft like a mighty Titan, towered up mountains with powerful hand. But his power was defiant, his wisdom demoniacal. He towered up mountains to storm Heaven instead of imploring its mercy. Not till the middle of this century did church music find worthy advocates.

One feature of Palestrina's compositions seems not to agree with modern usage. Palestrina's works are pure vocal music, and under no circumstances, if the effect is not to be impaired, do they suffer instrumental accompaniment. The human voice is the best and noblest instrument and this organ only can render the most beautiful satisfactorily. Instruments are drawbacks to compositions; they hinder graceful delivery and suppress the finer emotions.

As Palestrina's music was written solely for vocal rendition it is also never to be allowed in concerts, parlors, etc. His music is for divine service and only there can it wake those heavenly affections. Mozart's and Beethoven's masses are fit for no other place but the concert, since their nature, void of higher aspirations and bent on the profane, demands it. What an effect, in the halls of the eternal city for which the great artists have plied their skill, where the beautiful figures of

Michael Angelo gaze upon us, to listen to the composition of Palestrina, that speak so effectively of God's love and mercy, of His Mother and the Saints, that come to our soul like harmonies of a better world.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

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#### SPRING GREETING.

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Has winter fled with icy blasts  
And cold and dreary days?  
Go, ask the birds, their song is true,  
They tell it in their lays.

Their melodies, ecstatic warbling,  
From nature's bosom flow;  
From her they learn her inner thought  
And sing it, joy or woe.

And songs from sunny lands they bring,  
Where free from winter's fear,  
Birds always sing and flowers bloom  
And brooklets ripple clear.

They sing of better, brighter spheres;  
Bright messengers they came,  
And speak of nature and her God,  
And bid us praise His name.

Now ev'ry bosom swells for joy,  
Expressed in all their strains;  
A newer life beats in our breasts  
And courses through our veins.

P. A. KANNEY, '00.

## RETURN OF SPRING.

Resound with might thy praises' due  
And countless voices hail thee, spring!  
With flowers expel all gloom and sing  
A merry song and airs quite new.

Ye flowers, that bathe in heaven's dew,  
Let from your cups the echo ring:  
Resound with might thy praises' due  
And countless voices hail thee, spring!

All sorrow's passed; I will pursue  
The pleasures thou for all didst bring,  
And winter's dust I'll from me fling.  
From vale to vale to the vaulted blue  
Resound with might thy praises' due.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00

## A TRAMP STORY.

THE cold, crisp, piercing air hummed an ominous and melancholy refrain as it fingered, sometimes gently, sometimes roughly, the taut telegraph-wires on this cheerless night in December. It might have been a wilderness, but for the shafts of light that in the distance flashed heavenward, bespeaking a populous city. A tempestuous snow-storm had a few hours previous mantled mother earth with a robe of flawless purity, as if to deceive the starry spectators of the latent depravity and corruption. High on an embankment lay the railroad track, discernible

under its snowy coat only by the elevation. The moon on its decline gave a mellow tint to the scene of immaculate whiteness, while myriads of bright beams, reflected from the virginal snow, transformed the surrounding meadows into beds of glittering diamonds.

The wind grew calm, the humming of the wires ceased, the scene breathes not, utters not a sound, a vacuum-like stillness pervades all—Ah, a sob! A dark object, in marked contrast with the horizon-bound whiteness, moves slowly and unsteadily along the track. The almost day-like brightness delineates a tall and what appears to have once been a muscular figure, clothed shabbily, even scantily, a haggard, unshaven face, out of which stared eyes that mingled looks of despair, wretchedness, and bodily suffering.

Halting, the man in a half-demented way looked about him as though he hoped to rest his eyes upon something that might relieve the despondent feeling which seemed with well-guarded fury and tenacity to hold his soul in thraldom. Ah, but that one thing which could satisfy his ardent longing, fill the lonesomeness of his guilty heart, ease the acute sting of conscience was many miles away—his family, abandoned by him in their hour of need—oh, the thought, his children begging in weakened sobs for bread from fatherly hands. “O God! Thy punishment is most just, for not a bite have I had for two days. Why did I leave my dear ones and take to this roaming, hellish life?” And sorrowfully did he contemplate his rags. Exhausted by fatigue and hunger, he

sank upon the ties and his frame trembled in the outpouring of his grief, "O God, pardon!" was sobbingly repeated, and tears of sorrow trickled down his cheeks, melting the snow beneath his face.

His grief spent, he sat upright; upon his face was a trace of peace and in his eyes a look of happiness to come, at the thought of being again with his family and atoning for past neglect by loving, solicitous care in the future. This resolution raised his spirits, the blood coursed more warmly through his veins: tomorrow evening would, if fortune favored, see him in the sweet embrace of his loved ones—yes, sweet, though it was in detested poverty.

He arose briskly, was about to step off, when his foot caught beneath the rail. Giving it a violent jerk, what was his dismay in seeing the rail tip and fall over upon its side. Upon a closer examination he found that all the inner spikes had been drawn out, the straps unbolted and thrown into the ditch, thus leaving the rail apparently safe and solid. Oh horrors, what dastardly deed was this! What devils were abroad engaged in such fiendish work! It was evidently a plot to ditch No. 8, the midnight Express. But for the last two weeks No. 8 was carrying, besides express, four sleepers, and these with their human freight were rushing to certain destruction. No. 8 due at twelve o'clock—what hour is it now? The man knew, that it was not yet past midnight was evident from the snow-covered rails. What sound is that—the whistle of a locomotive? No, only

the hooting of an owl perched on a distant telegraph-pole. But it roused the man from his staring reverie. His first impulse was to run—run far away from the sight and sound of the inevitable calamity, from the groanings and wailings of the dying and wreck-imprisoned beings, from the sight of warm, spurting blood crimsoning the pure snow, the flames of the burning coaches licking and tormenting the quivering, human flesh. With such ghostly and futile images the man was crazing himself. Hark! He started, stood motionless, listened, every muscle held rigid, every nerve acute; that sound of a bell—'twas the city clock in the distance faintly tolling out amidst the dreadful silence the hour. He counted—nine—ten—eleven—oh, he would have given worlds had it ceased there; he knew the Express, rarely late, was due at twelve, the last moment seemed endless, when clear and distinctly came the last clang—twelve.

Now no time to lose. With a giant effort, he collected what little energy remained in his weak and famished body. Examining the other rails he found them, to his great relief safe and solid. His first task was to find the missing straps, long pieces of iron by which each end of a rail is connected with the adjacent rails. The nuts and bolts were lying where they had been detached. Thinking that the straps were in all probability in the ditch, he threw himself over the embankment and half rolling, half sliding he landed in a snow drift at the bottom. Without waiting to dash the snow from his eyes and mouth, he started

to burrow into the drift, about where he thought the straps might have been thrown. In a few seconds he had one, and the other three were lying a few feet distant. Grasping them he worked himself to the top of the embankment. Exhausted and breathing hard he sinks upon the ties, with his warm breath he endeavors to ease the stinging, biting pain in his fingers.

As the faint sound of a whistle, probably some four or five miles distant, comes to his ear, a despairing moan escapes him and he jumps to his feet. But five minutes to work. How his arms and hands perform their tasks! One slips in the bolt while the other tightens the nut. The two east straps are now set and sufficiently tight to hold that end of the rail in place. With a jump and a bound he is at the other end, his hands in the meantime seemed never to have ceased their motion. Ah, one bolt set, still one more. Again the shrill whistle, this time much nearer. He grows nervous, the drops of perspiration ooze from his forehead, his trembling fingers drop the nut—perdition upon it—again he grasps it firmly. Looking up he saw with eyes bulging out with horror the fiery orb of the locomotive rounding the curve not two miles distant. A few more twists of the bolt and all will be safe. The bolt is rusty and the nut refuses to go any farther; kneeling on the end of the tie he bends over the rail, seizes the obstinate nut between his teeth; his teeth break and from his lacerated gums and lips blood flows forth tingeing the snow. But he seems to be conscious of nothing. He tugs, twists,

ah, it turns—once,—three ti—dizziness blinds him and enfeebled by a two days' fast and the past few moments of intense excitement, his body sinks with a convulsive shudder midway across the rail, the white sheet for a pall, and—

Whiz,—No. 8 skimmed over the fatal rail cleaving the air at the rate of sixty five miles an hour. The moon had vanished beneath the horizon. The wind again swept the wires in a sorrowful moan. “Say Fred,” yelled the sooty fireman of No. 8 through a mouthful of coal dust, “that looked to me like a stray lamb.” Engineer Fred eased the throttle for the fast approaching city, he looked straight into the darkness and never said a word.

WILLIAM ARNOLD, '02.

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#### AN EARLY FLOWER.

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Sweet child of spring! Too early grown and none  
As poor. Thy bed, a barren clod to keep  
Thy frosty limbs. Forsaken thou dost weep.  
Estranged, not known to men, who seem to shun  
Thy lowliness. This piteous state has won  
Thy Maker's grace.—When rapt in gentle sleep  
To shield thee angels spread the snowy deep;  
But soon thy tender blossom hails the sun.

CANTUS N. FAIST, '00.

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## MOURNING IN SPRING.

(Translated).

I wander through the morning-dew,  
O'er flower-decked meadows; heaven's blue;  
The dove is cooing, thrushes sing:  
My heart drinks sorrow but in spring.

My heart drinks sorrow and is sad  
That many die while nature's glad,  
While spring's triumphant o'er decay  
So many souls must part this day.

And outside rest the golden hours  
On forests, fields, and flowery bowers;  
Within cold perspiration drips  
O'er breaking eyes on faded lips.

The birds exult in rapturous airs,  
The blooming garden perfume bears,  
Wild music calls to dance and song:  
Within a soul must part ere long.

How can the pall in midnight gloom  
Compare with sunshine, vernal bloom?  
Will joy and skylark's jubilee  
With sounds of fun'ral bells agree?

O nature, wondrous power, you raise  
All works from ruin and decays;  
The fruit's destroyed and from it grow  
The flowers that on your bosom blow?

Must youthful sinew, manly nerve  
For forming oaks thy power serve?  
Must maiden eyes meet early lot  
For violet and forget-me-not?

Must first thou hear the widow's wail  
That thou canst teach the nightingale?  
Or flow the orphan's bitter tear  
That brooks may play in ripples clear?

When late the lonely umbel dies,  
The ling'ring swallow homeward flies,  
Then kindly take thy children too  
To a milder spring that's ever new.

But youthful growing vigor spare  
That boldly welcomes toil and care;  
And spare yet ev'ry blonde-haired boy  
Whom vernal wreaths bring purest joy.

Desist to break the tender bud  
That grows and blows in sunshine's flood;  
With elder peers not taught to cope  
Leave it indulge in dreams of hope.

My heart's discouraged, sad and sore,  
And grief is growing ever more  
That hopeful youth must fall in strife  
While spring awakes to joyful life.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

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## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### I.

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THE nineteenth century dawned upon a strange world. "Freedom of Thought," the much-vaunted birthright of all reformers, gradually manifested itself in numerous "philosophical systems," one diametrically opposed to the other, but all tending to one ultimate result — the final destruc-

tion of Christianity. In England Francis Bacon laid the seeds of empiricism, David Hume spread the poison of scepticism and indifferentism, John Locke advocated the fallacy of sensism and the "Freethinkers," holding out as a bait the worship of the Great Architect of Nature, established secret societies, principally those of Freemasonry, which in a short time spread to all parts of the world and completely wrecked the faith of the higher classes. The frivolity and moral corruption prevalent at the court of France made the French very susceptible to these pernicious tendencies and soon profligacy and irreligion found expression in the literature of the day. The infamous Offroy de la Mettrie preached the most disgusting materialism and Voltaire, ably seconded by Diderot, Mirabeau, Rousseau and the encyclopedists entered upon a systematic warfare against Christianity. Holy Writ was degraded to an imitation of the mythological fables; the Church, her bishops and priests were overwhelmed with torrents of insults. In Germany affairs stood little better. The philosophy of Kant at once found favor with the learned, and through their writings rationalism found its way also to the lower classes. Among the literary men of the day Goethe, Schiller and Lessing were the most prominent advocates of this system. To this Lessing added indifferentism as embodied in "Nathan the Wise", in which he places Christianity, Judaism and Islamism on the same footing. Wieland, though enthusiastic for a religion of happiness, leaves it nevertheless undecided whether the divine or animal nature in man is the better;

and the thoughtful Herder, seeing the emptiness of Protestantism, but failing to recognize the truth, drifted always farther from Christianity, which he sought to replace by his religion of humanity. Austria presented a spectacle not less discouraging; Josephinism reigned there supreme.

Thus, in brief, was the state of Europe towards the close of the eighteenth century. Men seemed to have lost their sense, and were bent on throwing everything from them that hitherto had been counted holy and sacred. The old established order was not in keeping with their new ideas of liberty and progress and the restraint which Church and state imposed upon them seemed an outrage to their "enlightened" minds. But the inevitable of all this shortly happened. In France, where discontent, infidelity and animosity against everything existing were most zealously nourished, the smouldering embers of insurrection and rebellion soon kindled into a flame which, fanned by the freedom-mania that followed the American war of independence, swept around the world, leaving death and destruction in its path.

But while the world was rocked to its centre, while empires and kingdoms reeled and disappeared and while the face of the earth was being changed, there was one power that withstood the maddening rush of the tide. Oft it seemed as if it also was to meet its doom, and when the surging waves bounded high over its lofty pinnacles and for a short time hid them from view, then shouts of joy and triumph arose on every side. But when the storm abated and the waves again sub-

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sided there—high upon the rock, firm as ever, resplendent with glory and majesty and cleansed only of the dust which passing ages had gathered in its recesses—stood the Church of Christ. “The gates of hell did not prevail against her”, and mindful of her Master’s command she again resumed her peaceful mission. On the debris of the Revolution she once more reared her edifice, with loving tenderness she led the strayed sheep back to the fold, and so visibly were her labors blest that this day, more than ever, we may truly call her the Catholic Church.

The struggle, however, was no easy one. After the death of Pius VI. in 1799, the Church was without a head and only after six months Pius VII. ascended the chair of St. Peter. During fourteen years this valiant soldier of Christ, already bent under the burden of old age and armed only with justice and right, opposed the mightiest conqueror since the days of Alexander. Full of ambition and vanity, the French emperor at whose word the whole world trembled, also claimed dominion over the Church and sought to make her entirely subservient to his interests. But Pius VII. persistently opposed these aggressions of the haughty monarch and in 1809 the venerable Pontiff was led a prisoner to Fontainebleau. Here Napoleon thought he could extort what he vainly demanded in Rome, but the man of fifty battles found the trembling old man more than his equal: high-flown insolence was met with unconquerable love and kindness, pain and suffering only increased the equanimity of the martyr of Christ.—

Moscow, Leipzig and Waterloo freed Europe from its oppressor and while Pius VII. entered Rome amid the joyous acclamations of his faithful flock, Napoleon was transported to St. Helena to spend the remainder of his life in exile. The Church, liberated of her most formidable antagonist, now evinced new life and energy. The Society of Jesus was again restored to its place among the religious orders of the Church; the missions at home and abroad received a new impulse and where but a few years ago the Catholic Church stood for all that was oppressive and odious and Catholics were looked upon as curiosities, there churches and institutions of learning and piety rose with marvellous rapidity.

### I I.

The Congress of Vienna (1815), which was to bring order into the chaos attending Napoleon's rise and fall, did anything but justice to the Church. The princes were loath to part with the rich ecclesiastical possessions that were so 'generously' bestowed upon them during the reign of terror, and thus the just demands of the Church were disregarded. Her possessions remained in the hands of Protestant rulers who, not acknowledging her rights, disposed of her property in a manner that could scarcely have been exceeded by the Vandals. Josephinistic views conspired with the enemies of the Church to divest her of her power and influence and degrade her to a state-institution and a willing tool of unscrupulous governments; the numerous concordats concluded with the Holy See were either entirely

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ignored or only partially complied with. The rulers of Europe, seeing the devastations which the French Revolution had caused, were eagerly engaged in counteracting the revolutionary spirit of the age, but instead of supporting the Church which alone could successfully combat the evil, they shortened her rights and strove to suppress the turbulent elements by bureaucratic principles. How completely they failed manifested itself in 1830 when the July-Revolution put an end to the kingdom of France and overthrew the aristocratic governments of Switzerland. The rest of Europe escaped the turmoil for some time, but the internal fermentations continued as before until in 1848 the world was face to face with another revolution, which happily proved less bloody and less disastrous than the one fifty years ago. During this revolution Pius IX. was obliged to leave Rome on account of the intrigues and hostilities of the secret societies, but in 1850 he again returned and with this year a happier era began for the Church of Christ. Indeed, she still met with violent opposition; and often bigotry and intolerance inflicted cruel wounds, but her losses in one place were amply compensated by valuable concessions in an other, and every year recorded new triumphs for her. The hierarchies of England, Holland and Scotland were restored, the penal laws against her lost their ancient vigor and the missions of Asia, Africa and Australia flourished as never before.

The general enfranchisement that followed the revolution of 1848 secured a more liberal treat-

ment to the Church also, but it was granted only reluctantly and under pressure of necessity. Past events clearly proved the danger of the state whose people had rejected all religion and morality and the "framers of the world's destiny" in their enlightenment hit upon the happy idea of leaving and even encouraging the common people in their foolish religious belief, lest they should again grow discontent and refractory; for themselves, however, they claimed the prerogative of "higher and enlarged views" of God, of religion and the world. Unfortunately for their happy dreams the "higher and enlarged views" also descended to the lower classes and they gave birth to communistic theories which have since been organized under the name of socialism, and which this day forms the most momentous problem statesmen were ever called upon to solve.

The Catholic Church met this new evil with her characteristic firmness, penetration and thoroughness. She, the mother of the king as well as of the beggar, had but one doctrine for the mighty and the weak, the rich and the poor—the doctrine of love and justice. Cruel oppression and wanton extortion incurred her censure no less than unjust and anarchistic encroachments upon authority and property. This attitude of the Church brought upon her new trials and persecutions. But before we recount them we must revert to the proximate cause of these new outbursts of intolerance.

In December 1869 Pope Pius IX. convoked the Vatican Council and at the feeble voice of the

aged Pontiff over seven hundred bishops from every part of the world assembled in the eternal city. Never was the unity and strength of the Church more apparent and never sat a more august body of men in Council, but also never was an august body of man more basely reviled. At the instigation of the liberal and godless press the whole world rose in revolt against the Vatican Decrees, and the Fathers of the Council, who had assembled to place an effective barrier against the evils that threatened religious and civil society, were decried as cruel oppressors and enemies of science, learning and progress. The avaricious Sardinian, who had long waited for a pretext to complete the spoliation of the Holy See, appeared in Rome at the head of an army and took possession of the Quirinal. In Germany the Iron Chancellor, elated with his success in the Franco-Prussian war, for once and ever decided to break the power of the Church of Rome by initiating the so called "Kulturkampf". Now again the scenes of 1800 were repeated. The Holy Father was prisoner in his own palace, churches and monasteries were confiscated, the religious orders were banished and bishops and priests suffered confinement for their fidelity to the Holy See. But again the rock of St. Peter stood firm and once more the Church triumphed. The Roman Pontiff, though robbed of his possessions and the prisoner of a hostile prince, continued to govern the Church as before. His voice penetrated to the remotest parts of the world, confirming the strong, encouraging and consoling the oppressed and offering reconcilia-

tion to his enemies. Before such patient endurance and invincible devotion and meekness opposition gradually lessened and friendlier relations were again resumed with the Holy See. But though the Church is even this day restricted in the full exercise of her power and not yet in the possession of her rights, we may fondly hope that the near future will grant her the liberty for which she has contended for eighteen hundred years.

These, in brief, are the sufferings and triumphs of the Church of Christ during the nineteenth century. The sketch is necessarily incomplete, but it nevertheless suffices to show that she has not "outgrown the times", as her enemies maintain. In spite of the most strenuous efforts and the most laborious researches neither the scientist nor the antiquarian has as yet been able to advance a single proof or even a plausible hypothesis that conflicted with the tenets of the Church, and after eighteen hundred years of existence she repels the attacks of infidelity and enlightenment as triumphantly as she withstood the bloody sword of Nero in her infancy. Her adversaries hailed Darwinism as the death-knell of the Church of Rome and they still cherish the hope that the discoveries of science will ere long explode her doctrine. But we need not fear. The laws of nature emanate from God no less than does revealed truth, and coming from the same source the two can never come into real conflict.

T. T. SAURER, '00.

## MORNING MUSINGS.

The morning sun with slanting ray  
The mountain summit golden paints,  
Yet nearing earth the splendor faint,  
And wanes into the common day.

We come from God's almighty hand.  
An after-glow of eternity  
Surrounds our earliest infancy;  
We live as strangers in this land.

That heav'nly beauty fades and wanes;  
We see life's stern and earnest phase,  
Its sadness, toil, and rugged ways  
And know that heavy duty reigns.

In honest work is honest joy.  
A manly courage will not sink  
Where foolish hearts in sorrow shrink;  
A lighter weight were but a toy.

Life's current oft too slowly runs  
And gentle spring seems far away;  
Beware, lest when arrives thy day  
Thy hope be scorched in summer suns.

But wait and work and never rest,  
Perform the noblest, purest deeds  
And do all well, and then there needs  
No fear to crowd thy cheerful breast.

If thou art kind, men too are kind;  
No gentle word was spoke in vain;  
To kindness men not cold remain;  
If thou but seek, thou friends wilt find.

Beside the weed the flowers grow,  
And yet their fragrance still is sweet,  
So thou, if dangers thou must meet,  
Be not deceived by idle show.

Rise high, the mountain points the road,  
The snow-capped peak in brightness proud  
Is seen above the thunder-cloud  
And silv'ry cloudlets brightly glowed.

Acquire but virtue worth the gaining  
Nor fret if thou canst win no more.  
Some men their blindness will deplore  
When fame is lost and life is waning.

Beholdest thou that halo soft  
About the mountain's peak? Thy light  
Is waning slowly into night.  
Be still and follow it aloft.

P. A. KANNEY, '00.

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#### RIENZI, THE LAST TRIBUNE OF ROME.

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**E**XAMINING the history of the world, we find a noteworthy period commonly called the Middle Ages. As many important events happened during that time, we receive also an interesting account, concerning the life and deeds of a hero named Rienzi. His true character is comparatively yet unknown, some even disclaim his uncommon and extraordinary life. But his fame, deserving better attention, has steadily increased since the beginning of the last century. It was Sir Bulwer Lytton who in his historical romance, entitled Rienzi, introduced him first to the English speaking world. To get an adequate idea of the

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work, it may be of interest to detail the life of Rienzi, touching at the same time upon the general historical merits and characteristics of Bulwer's romance.

The personal history of Rienzi dates from the beginning to the middle of the 14<sup>th</sup> century. Rienzi grew up the son of a tavern-keeper, but claimed illegitimate descent from the imperial house of Luxenburg. Having a taste for literature, he contrived means to indulge in it and succeeded to obtain access to manuscripts of many classics. His stature was imposing and greatly aided his endeavors, when standing like another Cicero on the rostrum, to display his uncommon powers of eloquence. Fate held out to him that which was his supreme gift, but he was like a child that receives attention and love abroad, but meets harshness and indifference from the members of the family. The memories of ancient Rome and the present state of affairs fanned in Rienzi the flame and desire of restoring its ancestral greatness, but the existing evils were beyond the reach of policy and administration.

The pitiful condition that reigned then in the Eternal City can easily be accounted for. The Pope had removed his ecclesiastical residence to Avignon in France, a city dominated by a crew of aristocratic desperadoes, who kept it in constant turmoil. The people, opposed to each other by wretched spites and jealousies, were very fickle, proud, and boasting of ancient renown, whilst they themselves were but noisy cowards. They desired ease and wealth, but were unwilling to

contribute to the maintenance of peace and good order.

But as low as the state of the inhabitants had sunk, an appeal to the mighty monuments around them would always awaken wild emotions. Moreover, their confused ideas as to the realities of the past added to the general enthusiasm and exaggeration. It is, therefore, not surprising, that the populace could easily be swayed by the tact of a bold and courageous man like Rienzi. They applauded his oratorical abilities and accepted with enthusiasm the magnificent proposals and fantastic representations, such as the Roman republic would be under his leadership. Their most sanguine desires were to be fulfilled. Once more the supreme power of Rome was to be invested in a plebeian.

How Rienzi obtained such a marvelous power without any opposition on the part of the nobles is clearly stated in his own words: "I made myself a simpleton and stage player, and was at times serious and silly, cunning, earnest and timid, as the occasion required." When, at last, undeceived, they were powerless to impede his progress.

But even before his rise, Rienzi had been one of the Roman delegates to Clement VI., to advocate the pope's return. It was likewise on this occasion that he formed a close and lasting friendship with the poet Petrarch. There is no doubt that his motives were as pure as the state of things would allow, but when Rienzi despaired of any alleviation of public calamities through for-

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eign powers, he was eager to become himself the liberator. On the 20, of May 1347, he summoned the people to the Church of St. Angelo, where he delivered a weighty discourse and proposed a series of laws for the better government of the community. But though he possessed now royal powers, still he assumed only the title of Tribune. All these proceedings received the recognition and sanction of Pope Clement VI.

During his short tenure of office which lasted but seven months, commerce began to increase, arts and literature were welcome aids, the rising majesty of Rome was dreaded even by foreign powers. But the enthusiasm of Rienzi, though sincere, was vain and ostentatious. He gradually palled upon the public taste by his splendid processions, and soon the people murmured at the large expenditure from the public treasury to support the extravagance of their tribune. Such and various other reasons rounded the precipice for his first downfall. He was compelled to abdicate and to save his life by a speedy flight.

After seven years of exile he was acquitted of all charges by Pope Innocent IV. and reinstated by the same pontiff as senator of Rome. Misfortune had, however, impaired his character; he abandoned himself to high living; his once generous sentiments yielded to a hard, mistrustful disposition. If he was destined to rise swiftly to his former glory, it was only, to be doomed the sooner as a victim of an infuriated crowd that put him to death with the vilest ferocity.

It must be admitted, however, that in prin-

ciple Rienzi acted with much tact and patient forbearance. His manners were sedate and dignified, but warmed by a natural enthusiasm. Intensity of feeling, marvelous creative faculties to battle all difficulties, and an unusual capacity for execution were characteristics of Rienzi. His faithful adherence and submission to the Church can only be accounted for by that great faith generally animating our forefathers of the Middle Ages. But Rienzi lacked the material power to give efficacy to his splendid assumptions and hence his inevitable ruin.

Writing an historical romance, a freer scope of liberty must be granted to the author than to an historian. Bulwer aimed to exhibit in the person of Rienzi the highest ideal. To attain this end he does not shrink from tingeing the honor and good name of others, that by so doing he render his hero more free and powerful, and the more justified to gratify his passion and ambition. His defects are passed over and termed by some fictitious name, absolving the man from any responsibility. But whilst these may perhaps be left untouched, a reader can not account for the necessity the author had, in defaming the character of men whose reputation has been firmly established and universally acknowledged.

Bulwer in his outlines, Rienzi excepted, has followed the authority of Gibbon. But according to his own confession, Gibbon is unreliable. He styles him a bigot that solely delights in the glorification of his idol, Julian the Apostate. How then, can Bulwer quote that historian as an auth-

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ority concerning certain traits and unlawful tendencies imputed to popes and cardinals, and especially, as regards the institution and purposes of the Jubilee Year Celebrations. His defamed persons were actually living, and for this reason it is an insult and injustice to attribute to them base and vague qualities, nothing of which is mentioned by reliable authors. But, though this historical romance is not free from bigotry and prejudices, it is yet superior to many others. The author respects morality and never fails to censure its opposite vice, but he is guilty, like Sir Walter Scott, in attributing all such vices to persons that, without doubt, are above suspicions.

To get accuracy of situations and details, Bulwer himself went to Rome and resided there until the work was completed. Felicity of expressions and dramatic situation are often introduced, though according to critics, the work is more epic than dramatic. Besides Rienzi, about six more characters take a prominent part in the romance. Of the latter it is chiefly the ill-fated boy Villani who is worthy of notice, because it was he who turned the tide of fortune for Rienzi in his second fall. Actuated by less noble sentiments than honorable Brutus, he is first to thrust the dagger into the bosom of his benefactor.

Whilst this historical romance appears to be a great and extraordinary work, it is far from answering our expectations. Coming from the pen of an able and otherwise just critic, less passionate and injudicial statements, less railing accusations, but a fairer treatment, a more unbiased

judgment might justly be expected.

Abstracting, however, these shortcomings, which adhere also to the best authors, we cannot but praise his novels. Even if his Catholic characters are the outcroppings of bias and prejudice, so that Cardinal Wiseman could not bear the darkness thrown on Christian heroes, we may, without pardoning such defects, overlook them and fix our eyes on the many merits recommending the novel. Yet, Lytton, who by his "Richelieu" struck a truly Shakespearian vein, is far from Shakespearian nature in his other writings. Shakespeare is the voice of mankind, and as such all men may listen to him. But Bulwer, whose inexhaustible mind received so many flashes of new ideas, and these not always the purest, may easily become the destroyer of innocent youth. Considering this we must advocate him less enthusiastically.

H. SEIFERLE, '01.

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#### TO MY WATCH.

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Companion dear, that never changed to me,  
But always showed a true, relying face,  
For many years thy call and tender hands  
Directed me through time's uncertain space.  
Reluctant seemed thy always measured beats  
When sorrow held possession of my breast,  
And swiftly didst thou run thy daily course  
When peace, the child of innocence, was guest.  
A never failing, faithful friend thou art—  
As fortune smiles or frowns we shall not part.

A. H. G.

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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## EDITORIALS.

The warmer days of spring have awakened again the students' inclination for outside sport. Cicero, Virgil, and old Homer can hardly elicit sufficient interest to expel even for a few hours the thoughts of bat and ball. But the classics need not fear that sport will ever knock them out.

Bishop Spalding, though not an original Newman, has many traits of this great thinker and understands well to utilize good thought. His influence upon Catholics, especially upon aspiring young men, is most beneficial. It is the constant drift of his writing to establish entire intellectual independence, to form men of strong character, to learn them lead their own lives, think their own thoughts, and not act like parts of a machine that perform but one special function satisfactorily. He gives us the wholesome advice, to "know and appreciate without being known and appreciated."

Selfreliance and broadmindedness become seemingly rarer; the man of common sense must almost be considered a happy exception. This springs mainly from the desire of public notoriety before the mind has outgrown its youth, before a person knows himself. Circumstances of our hurrying times force one "to publish his thoughts before he has them fully matured."

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It must seem strange that genius receives but rarely due appreciation while his best efforts are set before the public. Generally he expends his power to be misunderstood and underrated by an ungrateful body of contemporaries. The fault, however, lies as much with the author as with the world. Great minds stand above the generality of men; they outrun their own times and hence remain an unfathomable mystery to the present. Often it requires centuries before greatness is recognized by its fruits. Owing to financial circum-

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stances or to the malice of enemies an unpretentious author may pass his life in obscurity or even in apparent disgrace. Shakespeare was a hidden treasure to his own age and to many succeeding generations; "Paradise Lost" could not elicit the admiration of contemporaries; the works of Pope were maliciously ridiculed. Happy exceptions to this general rule are Goethe, Tennyson, Emerson, and our idolized Mr. Kipling.

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Some exchange editor of the *Holy Ghost College Bulletin*, whom humility prompted to omit his name, seems to be of a polemical disposition. The interest he evinces for collegiate work, the zeal with which he advances and upholds his own opinion are praiseworthy. If this Mr. Editor has his particular views we are equally justified to uphold our own opinion. But why, friend, observe two months silence in this matter? Did your judgment of Kipling change all on a sudden in March? Indeed, if doubts haunts our mind, judgment needs must have sufficient time for deliberation (it must first hear the rumors abroad).

The gentleman is seemingly pleased with the "significant paragraph", taken from Mt. Angel Banner (authority), that "Kipling does write for all, the poor and the rich, the lofty and the lowly, from an *Emperor* to our *humblest citizen*"; that "all the great papers poured forth the hope that Kipling might be spared," when he was sick; and that his *literary greatness* is *permanently established*.

Kipling as story-teller is left out of the question; as such he received also due appreciation in

our paper. We expressed a wider view about the poet only, not the least anticipating that some worshiper of his might be scandalized. The gentleman of the South misinterprets the meaning of "happy and fortunate". We call Kipling fortunate only in as far as he is recognized and appreciated, which, undoubtedly, makes the author happy. But we cannot call the poet's selections and thoughts fortunate and happy; nor would we class him with Pope, Tennyson and other stars. This explanation would be a good hold for attack by the southern exchange man. As to the poet's appreciation in future ages we think it to be very doubtful; and more so if the "Absent-minded Beggar" is to sound Kipling's fame and make the man immortal we fear it will be a weak herald of immortality.

De gustibus non disputandum. As Kipling is so congenial to southern taste we admire and praise the endeavor of the Bulletin's ex-man in defending his favorite. For further information we would kindly refer to the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Literary Digest* that throw some light on the question and a little shade on Kipling.

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Our century has not yet fully ripened intellectually. If we wish to mark past and current literature with its predominant characteristics we must first of all assign to it fancy and imagination. This is the strongest peculiarity of our nation, and the annual reports of comparative literary works show that imaginary productions are always greatly prevalent. Books of fiction, novels and stories,

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are still leading with double the number of any other division. Theology and Religion instead of advancing have fallen back, giving place even to light, juvenile literature.

One might expect that a country so speculative and cosmopolitan be very prolific in scientific works; but the contrary happens. Nor can we boast too loudly of art, for statistics would expose a truth not favoring our boast. It seems the American mind is bent on more practical speculations and abandons the fields of the intellect to other nations. Home interest and immediate utility sway the majority and are the main factors that actuate our people.

I will not assert that all literary works are shortlived, but we may almost positively judge that but few books bear sufficient marks of immortality. In our days every one is a clever mechanic in writing verse, and yet we look in vain for a poet.

In intellectual labor no nation can vie with Germany. It alone enriches the world with as many books as the joint numbers of those published in the United States, England, and France. We know that, as a rule, German work is of no mean quality; essence holds to a similar standard as quantity. But among the enormous output there is, undoubtedly, a good number which had better never been printed.

The practicability of the German people has ever been in the rear. But in literature they formed an empire of their own, the empire of thought and culture. For abstract studies and

real literary productions they possess a power and individuality unequalled by any nation. That Germany stands at the head of intellectual life can hardly be denied, and although their literature is often slighted for reason of its excellence, though men would endeavor to suppress this people, German thought and work is still alive. Nor are their powers exhausted. Their truly cosmopolitan nature has a wonderful depth and endurance. They have played noble parts in the drama of the world, and at present Germany enters another field—it presses to the front as a practical nation also.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

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### EXCHANGES.

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The *St. Mary's Chimes*, besides the usual quota of excellent verse, contains two well written essays. The first, "Humor in Shakespeare", shows a keen appreciation of the poet's skill in handling this element of literature; the second is a short but comprehensive review of "Opportunity and other Essays," Bishop Spalding's latest contribution to literature.

The *Sentinel*, though small, is a bright and cheerful paper. The debates in the March number are models of effective rhetorical composition. We are glad to notice that the *Sentinel* has now also taken to poetry in verse. The two little poems, hidden away on the bottom of an obscure page are deserving of a more conspicuous place.

The *St. Mary's Record* pays a glowing tribute

to the genius of Ruskin, but unlike many of our contemporaries, it very properly takes notice also of the dark sides and the idiosyncrasies of the author. "The Poet's Laurels" very eloquently portrays the veneration and honor the world bestows upon the poets, but we fear the fair writer is to sweeping in some of her statements. For instance, granted that Longfellow is the most beloved of Americans, we think it very probable that Washington, Franklin, Edison, and many others are more universally known. "Buried Alive" gains in attractiveness when we call to mind the shocking scenes of which this beautiful story is a counterpart.

The March number of the *Georgetown College Journal* is replete with interesting and amusing reading-matter. "About Camp-Fires" is well told. The essay on "Aristotle's Right and Wrong," contains a few obscure passages; otherwise it has all the qualities of a good paper. "A Study in Character" displays great inventive skill and narrative powers. The poetry of the *Journal* is all one may reasonably expect of a college paper.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* has of late diminished the number of its short and spicy stories and opened its columns more extensively to discussions of greater themes. This is certainly a change to the better. Not that stories should be neglected, by no means; but by admitting articles of a more serious type, the less gifted story-writer, instead of racking his brain for an original and suitable plot, may turn his attention to something more congenial to his taste and powers.

We relished the "Kings Return" and "A Word for the Down-Trodden" all the more after reading the masterly sketches of Burns and Gray and the excellent treatise on "Idealism and Realism." The editors of the *Scholastic* have also introduced a new feature into their local column. We hope its contemporaries will follow the example and in place of the two or three pages of dry-as-dust "jokes" and unintelligible references give us some of the anecdotes and humorous incidents with which college-life everywhere abounds.—

T. A. SAURER, '00.

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#### PERSONALS.

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Among our visitors during the preceding month we note the following:

Rev. C. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. G. Schramm, La Porte, Ind.; Rev. C. Rohmer, Delphi, Ind.; Rev. F. Jansen, Frankfort, Ind.: Rev. J. Kubaski, Reynolds, Ind.: Rev. J. Bleckmann, Michigan City, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Studer, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Miss K. Hildebrand, Delphi, Ind.; Mr. G. Eder, Crown Point, Ind.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S.—Since our last number the Columbi-ans rendered two creditable private programs. The one of March 11, was as follows: Essay, P. Kanney; Zither Solo, X. Jaeger; Recitation, J. Wessel; Essay, E. Werling; Recitation, S. Meyer; Violin and Zither duet, X. Jaeger and E. Flraig; Farce, C. Faist, T. Kramer, and H. Horstman.

On March 25, the following was rendered: Essay, on the South-African Republic, T. Saurer; Recitation, E. Ley; Oration, L. Linz; Essay, C. Mohr; Music, Brass Quartet; Farce, H. Muhler, P. Wahl, and C. VanFlandern.

Both programs proved to be very interesting owing in great measure to the fact that the participants had taken great pains in preparation. Farces, if well rendered and not too coarse, are always appreciated.

The following is the program rendered on St. Patrick's Day. Oration, W. Hordeman; Vocal solo, I. Rapp; Dialogue, J. Mutch and S. Hartman; Recitation, M. Koester; Comic vocal duet, D. Neuschwanger and I. Rapp; Recitation, D. Neuschwanger; Vocal solo, J. Mutch; Dialogue, extract from Shakespeare's Othello, D. Neuschwanger, Othello; I. Rapp, Iago. The vocal numbers on this program are deserving of special praise. Mr. Rapp's interpretation of his character, Iago, showed greater dramatic abilities than amateurs generally evince. That double-tongued, fawning

character was represented in its true light. Mr. Neuschwanger's recitation, "Over the Hills from the Poor-house," was delivered with great ability and true expression. The gentleman is without doubt one of our best actors. To all the members on this program we extend our congratulations and thanks for their earnest and successful endeavors.

J. MUTCHE, '02.

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### LOCALS.

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Incidit in lacum qui vult vitare lacunam!

D. Sartor.

In one of our recent mass-meetings after parliamentary law class a certain member made the motion that the C. L. S. expend a small sum for the purpose of arranging a banquet on some appropriate day in spring. After protracted discussion of the pros and cons, Remigius, for the sake of practice, rose and moved to "lay the banquet on the table."

Don't entrust yourselves to the guidance of David for you will be sure to fall in with him somewhere!

Titus: "Why may a base-ball pitcher, a mail carrier, and preacher be compared?" Rudolph: "Because each one is judged by his delivery."

One of the last farces rendered by the members of the C. L. S. was of an extremely up-to-date nature. It hinged on the practical consequences of woman suffrage. To the credit of the participants it must be said that they realized the

situation to such an extent as to lead one to believe that they had previously already made the acquaintance with its unpleasant results. At all events, Mr. Muhler's dexterous management of the washtub gave indication as though he had been schooled in its rubrics before!

"Heathens," says Hubert, "spend their time best because they do not waste any in quarreling about religion."

H. Bernard is like dice, he gets easily rattled.

It might reasonably be expected that any person, having resided at a certain place for a number of years, should be thoroughly acquainted with its premises so as to be sure of every step he makes therein, even if darkness is so thick that he could—feel it. But there is an individual at Collegeville to whom the front premises proved *terra incognita*. On one rather dark evening, a short time ago, he was commanded to escort a stranger from the College. Having assured himself that the latter was following, he walked—*straight on*, with hands in his pockets—just like always—when—splash!—he felt himself embraced by the troubled waters of the lake. The stranger, implicitly confident in his guide, of course, followed. Happily, however, owing to his superior stability, remained standing—his extremities firmly planted in the mud—while his guide, alias *David*, lay outstretched gasping for breath. After both were again resting on *terra firma*, one endeavored to console the other saying: "It's the best thing it happened at night; in broad daylight we would have been laughed at."

George Arnold went out duck hunting the other day and, it being very early in the morning, really got two duck—ings.

Cob is always ready to lend a helping hand whenever needed. Only a short time ago he assisted in the rescue of precious lives from beneath the ponderous ruins of a fallen strawstack. Thanks to his skill and daring, and the desperate efforts of his associates, eight were saved, but one—calf—was dead.

Professor during band rehearsal: "Felix, you didn't play flat again." Felix: "Why that's quite natural."

P. Hartman: "Eder, what do you think Xavier reminds me of when I see him beating the bassdrum"? Eder: "Why, he acts just about like mamma when she used to give me a licking, don't he"?

Smoking is most injurious to the—tobacco.

Notice! All the students who know what is good for their health, are requested, during recreation time to further the good cause by raking leaves in Greenwood Park, Southwestern Ave., Collegeville! Sylvester, Proprietor.

Isaac does not believe that the—peace-makers—should be called happy, as it says in the beatitudes for the simple reason that "they are never welcome to those that are getting the best of the fight."

Some time ago W. Scheidler was called to Rev. P. Luke's room by one of his fellow-students. Having entered he stood there silently for quite a while without being addressed, which caused him

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to feel extremely uneasy. Finally P. Luke asked somewhat indifferently: "By the way, what date have we?" Willibald reflected for a moment, blushed, and left the room without saying a word. It then came to his mind that it was the first of—April.

Fattie, "When may a dog be a star performer"? Werling: "When he travels with a blind man."

Says Dan: "There are some men who never desert their colors and yet may be very disloyal. They are those that have them imprinted upon their noses."

Boys, don't expect any Easter eggs! the rabbits are all dead!

P. Wahl claims that dentists and lawyers are a veritable plague to humanity; the one pulls man's teeth, the other one his legs.

ILDEPHONSE RAPP, '00.

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## HONORARY MENTION.

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### FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

#### 95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, C. Fischer, H. Froning, R. Goebel, T. Hammes, P. Hartman, C.

Hils, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, A. Kamm, J. Lemper, E. Ley, A. McGill, J. Meyer, H. Metzdorf, J. Mutch, J. Sanderell, M. Schumacher, J. Seitz, V. Sibold, J. Steinbrunner, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, P. Welsh, E. Werling, E. Wills.

90-95 PER CENT.

G. Arnorld, J. Buchman, C. Eder, W. Flaherty, A. Hepp, W. Keilman, E. Lonsway, H. Muhler, J. Naughton, G. Studer, J. Trentman, C. Van Flandern, L. Wagner, P. Wahl, J. Wessel.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the last month. The names of those that reached an average of from 84-90 per cent are found in the second paragraph.

90-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, M. Ehleringer, H. Froning, R. Goebel, P. Hartman, S. Hartman, E. Hefele, W. Hordeman, E. Hoffman, X. Jaeger, A. Koenig, S. Kremer, J. Lemper, H. Metzdorf, J. Meyer, R. Monin, J. Mutch, D. Neuschwanger, C. Olberding, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, Z. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, J. Seitz, J. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, I. Wagner, P. Welsh, E. Werling, E. Wills.

84-90 PER CENT.

B. Alt, G. Arnold, J. Braun, F. Didier, C. Eder, C. Fisher, W. Flaherty, T. Hammes, A. Hepp, J. Hildebrand, C. Hils, H. Horstman, L. Huber, A. Junk, E. Ley, E. Lonsway, A. McGill, H. Muhler, J. Sanderell, M. Schumacher, V. Sibold, R. Stoltz, T. Sulzer, J. Trentman, C. Van Flandern, P. Wahl.